

The



Cheer

ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE — ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1923

No. 2

Cadets Victorious, 20-0—Purple and Red Team Shows Improvement

C. L. S. ENTERTAINS
SUNDAY EVENING

Displaying a bewildering open field offensive the Culver cadets ran, slipped and slid their way to a 20-0 victory over the collegians in the first half of Saturday's encounter. In the second half, however, the collegians, stung to the quick by those twenty points, came back and fought the big maroon team to a scoreless tie. The game was a thriller from start to finish. In the first half a drizzling rain made fast, sure going precarious. Fumbles were quite numerous for Culver but not one was marked against the Purple and Red. In the second half the rain stopped but the going was still uncertain. Despite the slippery field however, the cadets resorted to end runs and criss-cross plays netting the Maroons the twenty points necessary to win and afford excitement for the spectators. Twice on these formations, Hand, the fleet footed Culver back took the ball on their fifty-yard line and wove his way to the St. Joe goal line. The final score came when Hand again carried the ball from the thirty yard line on the criss-cross and O'Connel shot off tackle for the marker.

The collegians played a rather conservative game in the first half due to the slippery ball and field, but in the final period they opened up somewhat completing two passes for thirty yards.

From the spectators view the game was hard fought throughout especially in the second half when the ball see-sawed back and forth with neither team having the edge. For the

cadets, Hand, O'Connel, Boyken and Kennedy were the bright lights while Captain Weier and Lucke displayed fine defensive ability for St. Joe. The Purple and Red line showed a marked improvement over the Lake Forest game and put up a scrappy argument with the heavier line of the cadets. Hoffman the St. Joe tackle received a sprained knee in the third quarter and will be out for the remainder of the season.

All in all it was a good game, hard fought and clean. The officials deserve great praise for the manner in which they handled the game. The
(Continued on page eight)

THIRTEEN HOUR DEVOTION

As examinations finished on Wednesday, that evening saw the opening of the annual Thirteen Hour Devotion in the college chapel. The Redemptorist missionary, Father Theis was in charge and, though he was here but for a short time, we all realized how much he understood boys and young men. Talks that were not too oratorical, not too intellectual, but talks that went straight from the shoulder, straight to the heart—that was the manner of speaking employed by Father Theis.

The Devotion closed Thursday evening with Solmn Benediction, Father Greiwe being celebrant, Father Schiedler, deacon, and Father Linne-man being sub-deacon, while Father Cheery acted as master of ceremonies.

Guard against evil habits while you are young. Think of our great President Coolidge, still the hopeless slave of the early-rising habit.

Sunday evening the college was highly entertained by the Columbian Literary society. Everything, the Inaugural by Philip Rose, together with the Introduction by Marcus Vogel, James Hoban's "Perfect Tribute" and the debate between Carl Willacker and Gordon Hagstrom, was pleasing to no small degree. Then too the dramatization of "Going Home" was well done, giving us a picture, which, though comical at times, played somewhat with the strings of our emotions.

Lastly, but by far not the least, was the Burlesque—"Julius Caesar." It was during this performance that the audience quaked with real hearty laughter, not only at times, but continually. The togas, the head-bands, the sandals, the make-up in general was splendid, but to make everything harmonious there was needed a large amount of acting. This the performers of the Fifth class furnished in goodly quantity. Every one of them is highly deserving of congratulations.

But, ye immortal shades of the Bard of Avon! What a wonderful and pleasing corruption of your Julius! Yes, Will himself would have held his honorable sides in undignified laughter, had he been present in our auditorium Sunday evening. The conception of the play almost rivals that of Shakespeare's original, with all due respect—especially in regards to that tent of Brutus, Brutus' Apple (Maple?) orchard, and the assassination of Caesar. Well one had to see the play to enjoy it; one had to realize Hartman as Brutus, Buhskuhl as Cassius, Koors as Trebonius, Sobczak as Antony, Ziemer as Casca, and Muelleur as Caesar, together with the combinations of costumes and scenery, before one could appreciate it.

Truly, the initial program of the C. L. S. points towards great things for the year. The future is fraught with splendid possibilities and portends a successful season in dramatic and literary work. The first program as a triumph, will be a stimulus to greater and higher aims.

Purple and Red Bows to Lake Forest Academy In Opening Game

With a heavy aggressive line and speedy, hard hitting backfield the yellow and black clad warriors of Lake Forest charged and plunged their way to a 39 to 0 victory over St. Joe in the opening game of the season. The North Shore team played old-fashioned football and gained at will through the St. Joe line. Only three times did they resort to the forward pass and twice did they succeed. Be it said, however, to the everlasting credit of our line that they did not give up as the score continued to mount but fought on until the final whistle blew. It seemed as if the linemen were mystified by Lake Forest's aggressiveness. Time and again they were out-charged, carried back and deposited in a heap while the yellow and black backfield walked through for big gains. In the secondary defense Captain Weier and Jim Hipkind were the shining lights and were it not for them the score would have been much larger. "Ted" Leibert as end displayed flashes of old-time form now and then. On the other wing Yeager did well considering the class of opposition and his light weight and inexperience. Jeffers did some nice punting and Hoffman's toe did well on the kick-off.

Lake Forest outweighed the purple and red 10 pounds to the man and along with this weight they had a wealth of experience. Their line charged as a unit and swept the opposition before it, while the backfield shifted with the machine like precision and hit the holes in a manner that would make any coach's heart leap with joy. This game was worth much to our green team for it showed them just where they were wrong and just what would happen in other games if they continued as they were playing. The Purple and Red line is fairly heavy and the men show a willingness to mix, work, and bushels of it, is what is needed now.

Hoffman kicked off to Stranb, who was downed by Ted Liebert on Lake Forest's thirty yard line. They gained two yards through the line and four more on an off tackle play. On the next down they kicked to the Saint's fifteen yard line, O'Connor returned the ball five yards. St. Joe failed to gain on the first down and Jeffers punted to Lake Forest's 20 yard line. Then began a steady march towards the Purple and Red goal line. The charge was checked momentarily on our fifteen yard line and Powers dropped back to kick. A moment later Powers executed a neat fake and shot a short pass to Kidd who

crossed the line for the first marker, Powers kicked goal. A few seconds later the quarter ended.

SECOND QUARTER.

The yellow jackets kicked off and Weier returned the ball to the St. Joe twentyfive yard line. After a futile attempt to gain through the line, Hoffman shot a pass to Norm Leibert that was good for a few yards. Jeffers punted and Lake Forest ran the ball back thirty yards with some pretty interference. Soon the ball was on our one yard line. Here the line showed a flash of real form. On the first down they held and on the second down the yellow jackets were thrown for a loss but a penalty for off sides brought the ball within a foot of our goal. Again the North Shore backfield hit a solid wall, but on the fourth down they slipped around the end for the second marker.

Again the academy boys kicked off and after seesawing back and forth they finally pushed over another marker. The half ended with the ball on our twentyfive yard line and the score, Lake Forest, 20, St. Joe 0.

THIRD QUARTER

Jim Hipkind was forced to retire due to an injury received in the first half, and Gunderman went in at half, O'Connor shifting over to full. In the third quarter the line showed more resistance and as a result only one touch down was registered. In this period Hoffman shot a pass to Ted Leibert for fifteen yards and it looked as if the Hoosiers were on their way to score but a moment later they were forced to punt.

FOURTH QUARTER

In the final period a Lake Forest back broke through on St. Joe's twenty yard line, turned and pivoted his way to a touchdown. A little later Lake Forest punted; O'Connor fumbled and on the twenty yard line and a fleet-footed Lake Forest end grabbed the ball and scooted over the line for the fifth marker. The last touchdown came after a march through the Saint's line. Lake Forest kicked off and the final whistle blew

(Continued on page eight)

Control, one of the chief assets for a pitcher, need not be despised in other realms.

Nice thing about the world series is one team can't knock the other out in the second inning.

A psychologist says, "The slow thinker lives the longest." But he can't prove it by the railroad crossings.

NEWMAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Newmans put on an interesting private program, Sunday evening, October 7. The members this year, under the leadership of Father Maurice, realize as much as ever that to be a Newman is not only a pleasure but also an education. The Newman Literary Society is one of the stepping-stones to public speaking, and as such should occupy a considerable part of the student's thoughts. The Society by its seriousness and earnest endeavor shows that it realizes this fact. Surrounded with such an atmosphere the members cannot fail to obtain success.

The young men who participated in the evening's program are to be highly commended. We can say to them, and mean it, the words of the famous Roman orator, the golden-mouthed Cicero: "Perge quo coepisti."

Those who took part in the program are: Herman Klocker, Richard Hart, Harry Kahle, Paul Reed, Gilbert Raymond, Charles Glennon, Herman Gaul, Joseph Sirovy, Albert Krill, Fred Gawolf, George Phillips, John Beckman, Lawrence Fleck, Albert Gluckert and Ed. Ranley. Their performance makes us look forward to the first public program of this Society.

PURPLE AND RED PATCHES

Everyone on the St. Joe squad is loud in his praise for the manner in which the students, officials and players treated the squad while we were at Lake Forest. The Academy lads showed themselves to be princes of hospitality and it is hoped that the relation may continue.

Loyola defeated Campion 7 to 0 last Saturday. "Bill" Flynn, of St. Joe fame played tackle for the Northsiders.

Jim Hipkind, who was injured in the Lake Forest game will be able to play against Culver.

The team will journey to Culver via automobiles. Good luck, gang!

"Frank" Weier seems to be laboring under a star of ill luck. This lad was injured early in the season and last week he donned the moleskin again only to receive an injury to his knee before the practice was over.

"Freddie" Wellman, St. Joe star of former days, is playing end for the Purdue Varsity. Atta boy, "Freddie!"

It requires something more than credit at a grocery store and a can-opener to run a home.

This mad and heartless striving after money seems especially wicked to those of us who can't get any.

It seems to come easy to a person to acquire a lot of language that does not do him any good—Greek excepted.

ALUMNI COLUMN

In this issue of the "Cheer" we are sending out an appeal for help in inaugurating our new "Alumni Column." This column will be strictly for Alumni news and notes, as long as we receive material for it. We are asking each Alumnus to send us some letter, send us some kind of write-up, send us some jokes about your Alumni friends, in a word, send us anything you have for this column that may be of interest to the Alumni. We assure you of our appreciation and hearty thanks.

It is the purpose of the present "Cheer" to please and satisfy all its readers. We feel that since we have a reasonable number of Alumni subscribers, it is proper to have a part of the paper set aside for them and their enjoyment and their interests.

At the present time there comes to our mind certain sentences and phrases which were taken from letters received by The "Cheer" from members of the Alumni who are subscribers. Here is what some of them say: "All the lads who are interested in building up a greater "Cheer" may be assured of my support."—A Precious Blood Missionary. "What ever St. Joseph's College wants, I want it also. So let's go!"—An Alumnus from Lafayette. "I agree with you that all good Alumni should subscribe to this publication."—A prominent man from Wabash, Ind. "It certainly is my desire to foster so honorable an ambition as that of the "Cheer" staff."—From Muskegon, Mich. "What I am or hope to be, I owe much to St. Joseph's College. Why shouldn't I be a loyal booster?"—That is the spirit of a priest from Indianapolis. "If the "Cheer" is to be even greater and better than it was in former years, I surely would not want to be without it."—This from a professor at St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, at Carthagen, O.

When together with this, each letter wishes the "Cheer" unprecedented success, we are naturally hopeful for the advancement of the new column. As we say, we are living in "powerful" hopes for the column, and its success, yet if the Alumni do not support it with news, it will have to die in despair. But of this we are not going to think, for there is no such word as despair in the "Cheer" vocabulary. The outlook is rosy and bright and we know that you are going to respond. Come on! Help along your cause and our cause and the cause of a greater St. Joe!! Make the "Cheer" slogan your slogan: "ST. JOE. WIN OR LOSE, ST. JOE ALWAYS." Don't wait for the other fellow to write first. Write yourself and do it now!

ST. JOSEPH'S GRADUATE ENTERS SWITZERLAND UNIVERSITY

Honor, singular in its occurrence, sublime in its cause, graces the history of St. Joseph's because of the noble action of Leo A. Gattes, president of the graduating class of '23, and former associate editor of the "Cheer."

Recently this young man became affiliated with the Marianhill Foreign Mission society. Ever diligent and



LEO A. GATTES

zealous to qualify himself for the manifold duties of the Holy Priesthood, he has accepted the unusual offer to pursue his studies of philosophy and theology in the famous University of Frybourg, Switzerland. He left his home in Sidney, Ohio, during the latter part of September.

Mirrored in the singular choice of Mr. Gattes are those sublime spiritual motives inherent in those who voluntarily undergo the sacrifices and hardships of a foreign missionary career. That success may crown his every endeavor, that perfect contentment attend him always in the sincere wish and prayer of his many college associates.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

At the meeting of the C. L. S. on Oct. 7, there was a discussion of various important questions and an amusing private program. Carl Miller, Ambrose Schilling, Anthony Quinlisk,

John Byrne, and Charles Ruess rendered some splendid readings, making the morning an enjoyable one. This, the private program, at the regular meeting, is an innovation in the C. L. S. It is one that we would see continued, because of the innumerable opportunities it affords.

Mr. E. P. Honan was also present, and gave his customary and much enjoyed quiz in Parliamentary Law. Just before the close of the meeting it was decided that the Columbus Day program be given on Sunday, Oct. 14, the reason for this postponement being that the examinations and Thirteen-Hour Devotions of the previous week would tend to lessen its enjoyment on the part of the student-body.

AS THEY PASS ONWARD

Each year as the college reopens the old students notice the absence of a number of familiar faces, and, as is natural, among them those of the graduates of the previous June. So it is this year, and events once more take their accustomed turn. So it is that the Class of '23 has gone to make place for the Class of '24, in the natural procession of time. They have passed onward to their life's work or have taken up studies elsewhere, to complete where St. Joseph's left off in the advancement of their education. But as they pass onward, their Alma Mater keeps her ever-watchful eye on them with an interest towards their betterment. Thus this year she notices that the Class of '23 is dispersed to the four winds. And here is where they are:

Joseph Ballinger, Notre Dame University; Alexander Blankemeyer, working in Springfield, Ohio; Donald Collins, St. Gregory Seminary, Cincinnati; Thomas Daley, St. Gregory Seminary, Cincinnati; John Dieter, St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio; Maurice Donellan, Detroit University; William Flynn, Loyola University, Chicago; Frederick Franzwa, Rose Polytechnic, Terre Haute; Carl Gerlich, St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio; Ivo Gengler, Ft. Wayne; Frank Hemmelgarn, State Normal School, Bowling Green, Ohio; Joseph Hoeffler, Purdue University; Gordon Klein, Notre Dame University; Raymond Osterhage, St. Gregory Seminary, Cincinnati; Joseph Rohling, St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen; Adam L. Sattler, St. Gregory Seminary, Cincinnati; Alphonse Uhrich, St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen; Walter Waringer, St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen. And the following are at home: Sebastian Alig, Floyd Drauden, Arthur Dunn, Arthur Englum, Vincent Fulton, Leo Geyer, Ernest Iloyng, Robert Lang, George Leitshuh, Vincent Madison, Stanley Polk, Paul Rahe, Clarence Sieben and Edward Zahnle.

The College Cheer

Published twenty times during the scholastic year at Collegeville, Indiana.

Rates: Per Year.....\$1.50
Single Copies..... .10

STAFF

Albin H. Ratermann.....Editor-in-Chief
Francis L. Fate.....Associate Editor
James H. Hoban.....Sporting Editor
Edward A. O'Connor..Contributing Editor

Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Indiana, October 17, 1923

EDITORIALS

St. Joe, Win or Lose—St. Joe Always

Perhaps the traditional monotony of boarding-school life arises in part from the many necessary repetitions of rules, regulations, etc. This but adds to the proof of their utter necessity. Not alone in the pursuit of studies, however, not alone in disciplinary requirements, are we conscious of the repetitions which cause this apparent monotony. The athletic era is pervaded with a similar irksome sameness of exhortation. We have often heard the request. It is old, quite old. Simply: "We must cheer, lads, cheer our team constantly." Yes, "old stuff," nevertheless the prime requisite of success.

Some may say we do cheer our team. Why of course we do, we were not human should we act otherwise. To stand in silent stupor when our lads execute a thrilling play, to remain perfectly tranquil at such a time brands a boy as anything but a boy. It is no task to cheer while we are winning; rather, a more arduous task it would be to keep silence.

St. Joe, win or lose—St. Joe always. Win or lose!! To cheer our men when in spite of all possible exertion they are losing, that's the time to cheer! A peculiar yet certain truth it is, in the gloomy moments of threatened despair, when cheering is of the greatest necessity,—silence reigns supreme.

Certainly, it is human to be depressed when defeat lurks ahead. But think, think of those lads in there giving every iota of their strength and skill! Could they, wavering, hope to gain us a victory by turning traitor to their cause and our cause? Could threatening defeat be blended into victory through despair? They must fight, fight unswervingly. Will we prove unloyal—will we brand ourselves cowards, traitors?

Every man, every lad, who can pride himself with having participated in athletic contests, needs no proof of the great encouragement the cheers of his followers are. Again, the greatest cheering is but a slight recognition of the sacrifices our heroes undergo in order to gain honors upon the field of battle. Daily they spend hours of their own free time in arduous practice. Inclement weather offers no alibi. They are in to win, they are eager to fit themselves for the task.

So let's tell our men we are with them, win or lose, with them through thick and thin, with them to a man! If they are winning, we'll applaud and urge them onward to greater honors, if they are losing let's assure them we are still in the game, ever for them, never traitors to our cause. Many impending defeats have grown into brilliant victories, chiefly through the spirited cheering of the spectators. Let's remember their defeat is our defeat, their victory our victory. And whatever be the tide of battle, whatever be the possibilities of victory, let's unite in one accord, in one voice: **St. Joe, Win or Lose—St. Joe Always!**

The Students' Paper

It is with a sense of honor and pride that we style the "Cheer" the official organ of our student-body. Ever solicitous for the welfare of this body, we shall shirk no means which will enable us to more nearly realize our ambition—a true students' publication.

We invite you to call this "Cheer" your own. But the more properly to deserve the name of a student publication, frequent literary contributions of the students should appear in these columns. Keenly alive to this requisite, we heartily solicit contributions from you, literary contributions of any proper subject-matter.

It is our intention to inaugurate a Class-page. One page of each issue will be granted a certain Class. This page, placed at the disposal of the respective English professor, will represent the merits of that Class in writing. Pleasant rivalry among the Classes will undoubtedly develop; this, we sincerely hope, will encourage the individuals of the respective Classes to more diligent application in English, one of the most important branches of the college curriculum. Which Class has the greatest number of budding authors? Where are those poet-laureates? The future will reveal, providing each and every student manifests a lively interest in this innovation, exerts his level best to represent his Class on its Class page.

The World Series

New York, the world's greatest city, once more enjoyed the world's greatest baseball classic, the world series. Those who have longed for the opportunity to see this event in some

other city than New York must take it out in wanting, at least this year. For that matter, it is not altogether certain that unless other teams in both major leagues get a hump on themselves an either develop or buy faster and more successful baseball equipment in the line of players, the world series will become a permanent feature of New York life. Cincinnati has annexed second place, which is exactly the same status she occupied at the close of the 1922 season. It would have taken only a few games additionally won during the year to have had the world series in Cincinnati this year, but in crucial National league series the Reds stumbled and New York got the edge.

We "Westerners," in fact all fandom, express aversion to this monopoly which must certainly soon dampen the enthusiasm naturally displayed in our national pastime. For certain potent reasons we may accuse the New York team of sacrificing the king of sports for \$\$\$\$.

The fault for a recurrent attack of the New York world series ailment cannot, however, be placed entirely on the almighty dollar or on any one person or team. The Giants are a fighting, aggressive lot, led by a baseball strategist, whose prowess is universally admitted, John McGraw. The Giants spend money to get players and this is what counts in some measure in the eventful triumphs. But the clock-like system which McGraw has devised is the greatest contributing element in his success. None of the other teams seem to hold up in a pinch, while the Giants apparently fight harder, when hardest pressed.

The Silent Tribute of 60,000

We note with a certain feeling of pride mingled with admiration a news item relating the exemplary action of the Cincinnati Unit of the Holy Name society. "Sixty thousand men were in line on Sunday, October 14, rally day of the Holy Name society, when the marching host left a downtown point at 2 o'clock, and proceeded to the Cincinnati ball park, where religious services were held, Archbishop Moeller officiating."

Inspiring as the spectacle must have been, there is an undercurrent of even greater significance in this grand action. The silent protest of sixty thousand men marching in honor of the Holy Name will certainly be more effective than any other action that may be taken to counteract the great wave of bigotry and antagonism now sweeping over our country; through the noble example of these sixty thousand Queen City men we may indulge in the earnest hope that at least some blasphemous individuals will awaken from the stupor of rank baseness and manifest respect for the Holy Name.

HIRAM'S POP WRITES BACK

Turkey Crick Junkshon,

Dear Hiram,

Me and yer maw received yer letter las week an we sure wuz glad to here from you. Seein as how yer doin so well at colledge. We wuz down to the Junkshon t'other day and "by grab" if that town hain't the deadeest place since all you young bucks left. Why old Bill Higgins, the constable had to even quit ringing the Kerfew at 8 o'clock, cau sit woke to meny up. outside of this nuthin much has happened exceptin las week that red heded gal put a rat trap inside of the cracker barel up at the general store an Hi Briggs got his fingers mashed when he tried to grab some crakkers

That football bizness must be some game. 'Sam' Hill's boy, 'Ezry' writ home and sez he was getting ready fer the football season. Sam writ back and sez don't be wastin yer time running around to balls, I sent you don ther to study not to dance. Which only shows that Sam don't know nuthin about it. Now as fer me I hain't objectin to yer playin caus there's a coach and a team and them gools that look like hen roost will remind you of home even if they hain't like the real artikles.

"The Turkey Crick Bugle" hain't come out since Hi Briggs thr editer got his fingers mashe. But the cun-ductor on the mail train still throws off the city papers. Las night I read one of them ads an it said, "James Whitcomb Riley's work all week fer

two dollars an 25 cents" I sez to yer maw I shore would like to see that man Riley that works all week fer two 25, an what gits me is the're allus talkin how high the wages are in the city.

Yer sister, Sally writ down to the city fer the book that learns you to dance in 15 minutes. The book hain't here yet but the Harvest Dance hain't fer two weeks yet so Sally aint wor-ryin.

Them pigs i scomin fine, an so are the new pups. An yer maw sez to tell you that she ordered a dozen pares of them hole proof sox from that city feller the other day fer you. Wal your maw jest put out the cat so I guess its time fer me to put out the light. Yer maw and me send our love and I remain,

Yer l and onley father,
Ephraim Jenkins.

"AN EXCITING TRIP"

It was about ten o'clock on a bright and refreshing Saturday morning when my manager announced to me that I would be permitted to drive a newly painted Cadillac car to a customer in my home town.

At once my heart and mind were very active, the former beating with joy, the latter thinking of a hundred different pleasures at once.

This trip was a real treat, for it not only gave me a two hundred and fifty mile ride but also an afternoon off, so I felt very highly elated.

The hour of noon dragged on slowly and at the very first tap of the clock I was off for my car to fill it up with gasoline and oil. Having everything in readiness I went back to say goodbye to my boss—and then soon disappeared into the busy boulevards of the metropolis, bound for a comely little country town in Ohio.
(Continued on Page seven)

The Best Quality at
The Right Price

:—:

THE CLOTHING HOUSE OF
WILLIAM TRAUB

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : : :
: : COLUMBIA SHOE STORE

HOTEL MAKEEVER
A Home Away From Home

Thomas M. Callahan
The Place to Buy your
COAL

DR. CATT
Optometrist
Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted.
Office over Long's Drug Store

A. F. LONG & SON
Druggists and Stationers
Cameras and Films
Ice Cream and Sodas
Phone 53

O'RILEY'S
THE PLACE OF SWEETS
Cookies — Cakes — Rolls

WARNER BROS.
HARDWARE

Furnishings
Toilet Goods

Supply Your Needs At

Florsheim Shoes

Candies, Cookies
and Eats at our
Grocery.

Murray's
DEPARTMENT STORE

Coopers Underwear
Hart Schaffner
and Marx Clothes

Go where your friends go- to

THE COLLEGE INN

Where Quality and Service count

CHEERY CHATTER

Just before the Lake Forest game Gunderman was telling Johnny Byrne all about the wonders of Chicago, trying to induce Johnny to take the trip. Just then John Roach blew in and heard the last part of Gunderman's lingo and burst out: "Johnny, you heard how Gunderman almost got hit last year up there; well if you want to see Glynwood again be satisfied with Collegeville." So the Farmer backed out.

According to Louis Brenner the taxi cab drivers in Cincy don't know their jelly. Louis got in a cab and the driver said: "Where am I going."

First call for members of the Baryard Glee Stick. They are going to re-organize, since Rusty came back to college. Koors and Yusas take special notice.

The editor of this column urgently desires to obtain a mathematician with superb knowledge of calculus and analytical geometry to figure out the shape of Froehle's hat.

One thing nice about the football games in Rensselaer is the scenery.

Russel Scheidler has composed a new ballad entitled: "I've heard of the Catskill mountains but I've never heard of the Catskill Rats."

Clem Koors wrote home last week and told the folks that they need not bother about the Golf Clubs. Too bad you got a weak wrist, Clem.

When Alphonse Hoffman got off the train in Chicago, a kid yelled: "Smash your luggage Mister." Ella exclaimed: "Try it and I'll smash your nose." He still wonders why the kid had hysterics.

Carl Willacker's bedtime prayer:
Now I lay me down to sleep
With my head at Marcotte's feet,
If I should die before I wake
I sure will know, 'twas suffocate.

BUG HOUSE FABLES

Ralph Mueller talking Irish.
Butch Miller plugging during free time.
Joe Bectold wearing a blue shirt.
Gordon looking for a fight.
Picard broke.
Mark Vogel with dancing pumps.
Jazz Boehm not predicting the weather.

C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

Rensselaer, Ind.

Rensselaer X-Ray Laboratory

X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS
X-RAY TREATMENTS

I. M. Washburn, M. D.
C. E. Johnson, M. D.

E. F. Duvall, D. D. S.

Dentist

RENSSELAER, - - - INDIANA

In George E. Murray Building.

Phone 30

We rebuild 'em to look and wear like new.

The College Shoe Shop

H. G. ABBETT CO.

Successors to John Healy

Philip J. Frechette Wholesale Candy Company

"QUALITY CANDIES PRICED RIGHT"

Our complete line carried
by the

COLLEGEVILLE CANDY COMPANY

When In Rensselaer visit Us
First for

CLOTHING, SHOES AND
FURNISHINGS

THE WONDER STORE

All the student's wants in the
Drug, Kodak and Stationery line
taken care of by competent
Druggists at

FENDIG'S
Rexall Drug Store

BEASLEY STUDIO

HOME of BETTER PICTURES
Friend of the Kodak
Mail Orders Solicited

Dr. A. R. Kresler

Special attention given to dis-
eases and surgery of the Eye,
Ear, Nose and Throat.
Over Rowles and Parker's Store
Phone 360

THE PROGRESSIVE SHOE REPAIR SHOP

We Sew on Soles
Goodyear Rubber Heels
G. W. KUAUR

A straight backbone works bet-
ter than a crooked one.

Dr. F. A. Turfler
Murray Building. Phone 300

R. Beck

Cleaning, Pressing
and Repairing

**E. D. Rhoades
& Son**

HARDWARE
Plumbing and Heating

**Rensselaer Ice Cream
Company**

Phone 118

AN EXCITING TRIP

(Continued from page 5)

It was just a half hour or so till I was out on the country highway, speeding along swiftly, when suddenly upon rounding a sharp curve at too great a speed there followed a blow-out in the left rear tire. I soon pulled to a stop, and as I got out, a Ford drove up to my side with a man hanging on the fender, yelling, "Hey—are you going to Toledo?" I said "yes", and told him if he wished, he could ride along.

When he noticed my need, he immediately volunteered to repair it. Of course I did not decline his request and handed him the tools and in a moment he skillfully proceeded with the task. It took him just about ten minutes, till we were speeding along again.

The man I had picked up was a very shrewd looking gentleman, but of dirty appearance, in fact, he told me that he had been tramping for a week and as yet had nothing to eat today. As time went on he related his whole story and that he was now a refugee from the Marquette prison. It was very interesting, but space will not permit me to write it here. He told me that I need not fear because he wouldn't harm me. Well, that satisfied me a little for I was trembling somewhat, after his story.

Upon reaching Monroe, he told me of a short cut by which we would avoid the traffic. I smiled at him, but obeyed his request. It proved to be a time saver. Just as we were leaving the city, a hay wagon was forming a hindrance to fast driving vehicles, and as the road permitted only a two-way traffic we had to watch our chance to get around it. Our chance soon came when we ran last in line of seven cars which were passing the wagon going the same direction.

As I was driving around the wagon I noticed a car coming with great speed from the opposite direction, and my blood at once rushed through my body. I thought for certain that it would run into me. To turn to my right would be to run into the

horses and then to take my car back to the factory for a repaint, so I decided to bluff things. I swung my machine directly towards the onrushing auto, and then like a flash swerved back toward the horses—at this moment the other auto, half in the ditch, rushed by us, the men cursing for revenge, uttering phrases not fit for the ear of a gentleman. When they suddenly came to a stop, in the ditch, we were a good distance off—uninjured. However, neither of the men in the other car were hurt—though their car was slightly damaged—through no fault of ours, for all we could do was to follow the crowd.

My partner said, "Boy they'll soon be coming after you."

I answered, "Just let me know when they do, and we will see just what a Cadillac will do an hour."

The incident had me pretty well worked up and excited and before I could again regain my emotional balance, what confronts me but a group of K. K. K.'s. holding a meeting on the road—thereby preventing the traffic. Though I warned them with the horn, they would not budge, and I had to stop.

One of the hooded men came to the side of my car and said, "You'll have to wait a few minutes, we're having a meeting here." At this I became a little angry and yelled: "Don't you people know that this is a public highway?"

He snapped back these words, "Don't get crabby, just wait a few moments and we'll be finished." I pulled out my watch, glanced at it and said, "I'll give you fellows just three minutes to clear this highway for me."

(Continued on page eight)

Germany doesn't know what trouble is—suppose the pressmen should go on strike there while printing marks?

New Barber Shop
UNDER PALACE THEATRE
Hair Cutting a Specialty
Shave 15c Hair Cut 35c
W. L. THOMPSON

Candy

Ice Cream

WRIGHT BROS.

Tobacco

Lunch

If you wish to get well, have your spine adjusted

E. C. BOGAN, P. S. C. Graduate
Chiropractor

Over Jessen's Jewelry Store

Phones: Res., 403--Office, 523

Office Hours: 9-12 a.m.; 2-5 p.m.—Tues., Thur., Fri., 7-8 p.m.

for Economical Transportation



WHITE FRONT GARAGE
Harry A. Wild, Prop.
Phone 47

The Royal Tailors

—For—

The Greatest Clothes Value

ENOUGH SAID

PHONE 463

CLARKE -- The Jeweler

Where Quality and Service
Count—Watch Repairing
a Specialty

IF IT IS TO EAT WE
HAVE IT

Ideal Grocery

Clouse & Worden

FRANK G. KRESLER

TAXI and BAGGAGE

Your Patronage
Solicited

JOE JEFFRIES

Chiropractor

Over Farmers' and Merchants'
Bank. : : Phone 124-A
Nine Years' Practice in
Rensselaer.

Tailoring Mending

RENSSELAER DRY CLEANING WORKS

The College Dry Cleaner

Pressing Dry Cleaning

Fendig's

EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE

The place to buy your footwear,
hosiery, and athletic footwear.

OUR SLOGAN:

"Perfect Fitting and Service"

HILLIARD & HAMILL**Clothing Store****J. J. MONTGOMERY****News Stand**

AN EXCITING TRIP

(Continued from page seven)
He walked to the assemblage and said something, but, very few moved. At the end of the three minutes, amidst the roaring of the klaxon I moved forward—while they scattered and gazed at the car as it passed. I never glanced back, but sped on to

Cadets Victorious, 20-0—Purple and Red Team Shows Improvement

(Continued from page one)
St. Joe squad was treated royally by officials, players and cadets. The only regret is that we were forced to accept the short end of the score.
Culver St. Joe
Buchanan R. E. T. Liebert
Brennen R. T. Lucke
Schauer R. G. Hempfling
Hoekensmith C. Hoban
Field L. G. Costillo
Snider L. T. Hoffman
Carber L. E. N. Liebert
Hand (C) Q. B. (C) Weier
Boyken R. H. Hipkind
Keunster L. H. O'Connor
Faye F. B. Jeffers
Substitutions: Culver—O'Collel for Faye; Kennedy for Kuenster. St. Joe—Gunderman for O'Connor; Beckman for Hoffman.

Toledo, where I left my new friend with a dollar to his credit for a meal and then raced for home, as my time was drawing short.
It was not long till I arrived—and naturally the first thing I did was to call up mother and tell her I was in town to see her, and would be

Purple and Red Bows to Lake Forest Academy in Opening Game

(Continued from page two)
a moment later. And thus ended the initial game of the season, a disaster for St. Joe. But watch the next one.
THE LINEUP

St. Joe	Lake Forest
Yeager R. E.	Bell
Lucke R. T.	Rising
Jeffers R. G.	Callenburg
Hoban C.	Magnuson
Castello L. G.	Rosentiel
Hoffman L. T.	Mann
Liebert T. L. E.	Kidd
Weier (Capt.) Q. B.	Walsh
O'Connor L. B.	Powers
Liebert N. R. B.	Straub
Hipkind Jas. F. B.	Block
Referee, Haggerty, (DePaul); umpire, Kraff, North Western college; Head linesman, Lindermeyer.	
Scoring:	1st 2nd 3rd 4th
Lake Forest.....	7 13 6 13
St. Joe	0 0 0 0

home in a few minutes. She excitingly answered, "What in the world have you been doing Dan, the mayor wants to see you?"
I exclaimed, "Who!"
She breathlessly retorted, "Yes, the mayor, he just called up."
It was not long till I wended my way to the mayor's office. Upon my approaching his desk he said, "I suppose you have been driving fast again, as usual, do you know what you hit on the way home, do you know what you did?"
I thought of nothing else but of running that car into the ditch, nevertheless I answered, "I know of nothing that could cause the interference of the law." The mayor questioned, "Do you know that you ran over a man, so as to injure his leg?" I shouted, "Ran over a man! Impossible, where?" He said, "Just outside of Toledo."
Then I rembered the Knighted K's and told him the whole story—when I finished he said, "Well I'll wire them, we found the man, etc. If they wish to start a prosecution just to mention the fact at once."
We waited about two hours for an answer, but never received a line—so I rested that night in peace, and the next day, instead of a car, I took a TRAIN back to Detroit.

The First National Bank

Pays Four Per Cent. Interest on its Savings Accounts

You are always welcome at this Bank

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

PALACE THEATRE

WED. and THUR., OCTOBER 17 and 18

Barbara LaMarr, Richard Dix, Frank Mayo, Lew Cody, Eleanor Boardman and Mae Busch in

"SOULS FOR SALE"